

## PAYING THE MEN IN CASH.

                    

**RECEIVE THEIR MONEY.**  
A Remarkable Scene at the Big Hotel—Cheers  
for Receiver Rice—French Canadians who  
Doubted the Truth of the Good News.

THANKS to the action of Drexel, Morgan & Co., who took the initiative, and of Merton, Billas & Co., and W. B. Hatch & Co., who followed their example, it is probable that all the men employed by the Rookaway Beach Improvement Company will be paid their arrears of wages in cash before nightfall to-day. The firms named, as previously reported, took the receiver's bonds at par. This good news was given to the men on Tuesday, and many of them were so

overjoyed that they packed up their things at once, and prepared to start at the earliest possible minute for their distant homes. Others, however, were not so easily formed, and refused to believe that some new train was about to be sprung upon them. Of these were a number of French Canadians.

"How?" asked one of these, after he had heard the general, Morgan & Co.'s offer, without, apparently, comprehending the meaning of the company give us our bonds to redeem de old vuns?"

"No," replied an Irish workman, who spoke English well enough, but supposed the Frenchman did not understand him, "you are talking him if he pronounced it with a foreign accent, dey will say us up to de handle in cash, and de handle in gold."

"Gold?" repeated the man from Canada, contemptuously, "dey say de handle in gold, but de handle in gold, I will consume."

But the Frenchman was mistaken. In the excitement that followed the announcement of the offer at the hotel prior one of the first passengers was a man from New Orleans, a French Canadian, one Desnoyer Rice, and with him were some soldiers of the army, and a number of baggage. There was nothing in the outward appearance of these men to excite the least of any marked demonstrations of approval, and a person ignorant of their contents would have attributed the unusual and enthusiastic manifested by some three or four of the men to the excitement attending the arrival of the Columbia. They stood in a group, and

of the pier, and as the receiver approached them he was greeted with shouts of welcome in French and English.

"Come over to my Honor," cried an Irishman; "shure it's fatigued ye must be, widgeen! the bags carried afore ye. Give us a houl't' that wan, Billy, and I'll have it up in the hotel while ye're blowin' the nose o' ye."

The offer was, doubtless, made in good faith, but it was not accepted. In fact, a very strict guard of watchmen and police was kept over the few small bags while they were being carried down the dumbie to the hotel, and Receiver Rice evidently did not wish to be

During the succeeding few hours the workmen were very quiet. The warmest admiration was felt for Reelver Rice, and he would have been a bold man who ventured even the most casual allusion to a certain life-sized figure of

stuffed rags that for two days swung by its neck from a beam of wood about a hundred and fifty yards from the hotel in the most direct route to the railroad station.

The wives of many of the men had gone down, just to see how they were getting along, poor fellows, and although some of them were, perhaps, disappointed to find no one else the object of their visit (for there was no one to pay more than one-fifth of all the laborers), they returned to the city in good spirits, and with the assurance that all the arrears would be settled to-day. The French Canadians indulged in

many pleasant jokes in broken English at the expense of those of their fellow workmen who were thus attended by their faithful wives, and for the first time since July 15, appeared to experience a welcome relief from the grief at being so far away from their families.

At 7 o'clock the men in small numbers were admitted to the hotel, and quietly stood around the office, in which dim lights were burning, and two clerks were busy with the money bags. The notes and silver were doled out very slowly, each man receiving an average of about \$120. Sections A and B, composed of nearly 300 men,

were paid out, and while the films was closed the men who had watched the disbursements through the glass doors went quietly away. The payments will be continued this morning at 7 o'clock, when it is expected that Section B will be taken up out of its turn, as it is composed largely of French Canadians, who have been most clamorous for their money.

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**LEAPING FROM HIGH BRIDGE.**

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**The Descent of 116 Feet Safely Made by a**  
**Young Frenchman.**

It was announced at High Bridge yesterday that at 6 o'clock in the afternoon Robert Donaldson, a young Scotchman, would leap from the centre of the bridge into the river. Long before the hour named persons swarmed in from the surrounding country and took favorable positions from which to view the leap. Shortly after 6 o'clock a man was seen coming across the bridge from the direction of Kyle's

botage. A lad accompanied him, and together they walked rapidly until they reached the centre of the bridge. They paused over the railing, and the first man, taking off his coat, handed it to his companion, who was dressed in tights with no covering on his head, but with a heavy pair of shoes on. He climbed upon the parapet and stood erect before the multitude, waving a large white handkerchief. This was the signal for readiness, and two steamboats in the river below blew their whistles. The man paused for about a minute longer, and then sprang from the bridge. Both

feet were held tightly together and his hands were clasped in prayer. His eyes were closed as a bird's wings are. In his mind he was contented until within about fifteen feet of the surface of the water, when he drew his arms to his side and threw his head forward. He struck the water on the middle of his back.

There was a moment of suspense, in which the spectators held their breaths, and every eye scanned the water where the man had disappeared. In less than a minute he came to the surface, and struck out for the nearest craft. He was in a few moments carried into the lifeboat, where a physician immediately

down with alcohol and rolled him in blankets. His pulse was found to be at 130, and ten minutes later it was reduced to 102.

Donaldson is 30 years of age, and was born in Tain, Scotland. When 17 years of age he jumped from the Sunderland Bridge on the Wear, England, a distance of over seventy feet. A week ago he accomplished the same feat that he did yesterday, but only a few persons saw him, and it was discredited. The height of the bridge above the high-water mark is 116 feet.

**CANDAHAR SAFE.**  
**Little Damage Done by the Enemy's Shells—**  
**The Afghan Defeat at Kuch.**  
LONDON, Aug. 18.—A Bombay despatch to the *Times* says: Candahar is safe. Ayoub Khan is occasionally firing shells, but little damage is being done. The siege is scarcely formed.  
A Quetta despatch to the *Standard* says the enemy's force in the attack on the garrison at

The loss on Sunday night that is estimated at 40,000, though it is considerably higher than was at first supposed, and is now estimated at 200 killed instead of eighty, as previously reported. The British loss is fifteen killed and twenty-five wounded.

A despatch from Simla says that the last brigade of Gen. Stewart's force has reached Gudamuk unmolested.

The Viceroy of India telegraphs to the Foreign Office that Mr. Lepel H. Griffin sent the following from Gudamuk to-day: "Trustworthy correspondents report the situation in

**Alms Received from Prisoners.**  
The wife of F. J. Mungberg, who is imprisoned in the Tombs awaiting trial in the killing of Lindbergh, in Forestry street, visited her husband yesterday morning. She is small, slightly deformed, and

dale, and Warden Finn and his subordinates have taken a kindly interest in her. Shortly after she had been admitted to the corridor yesterday she said to her prisoner-Young:

"Can you open my husband's cell door for a moment?"

"What for?" the keeper asked.

"My children are starving, sir, and I have nothing to give them," Mrs. Munberg said, and some crumbs of bread and I would like to take them home."

Warden Finn was sent for, and to him Mrs. Munberg repeated her request. He made a note of her residence and sent her away with sufficient to relieve her immediate wants.

The scene was witnessed by several prisoners, and the story was quickly passed around.

**Signal Office Prediction.**  
Falling barometer, stationary or higher tem.

merate, southerly wind, partly cloudy weather, and local rain.